

**COWBOY**

No. 29



# WESTERN

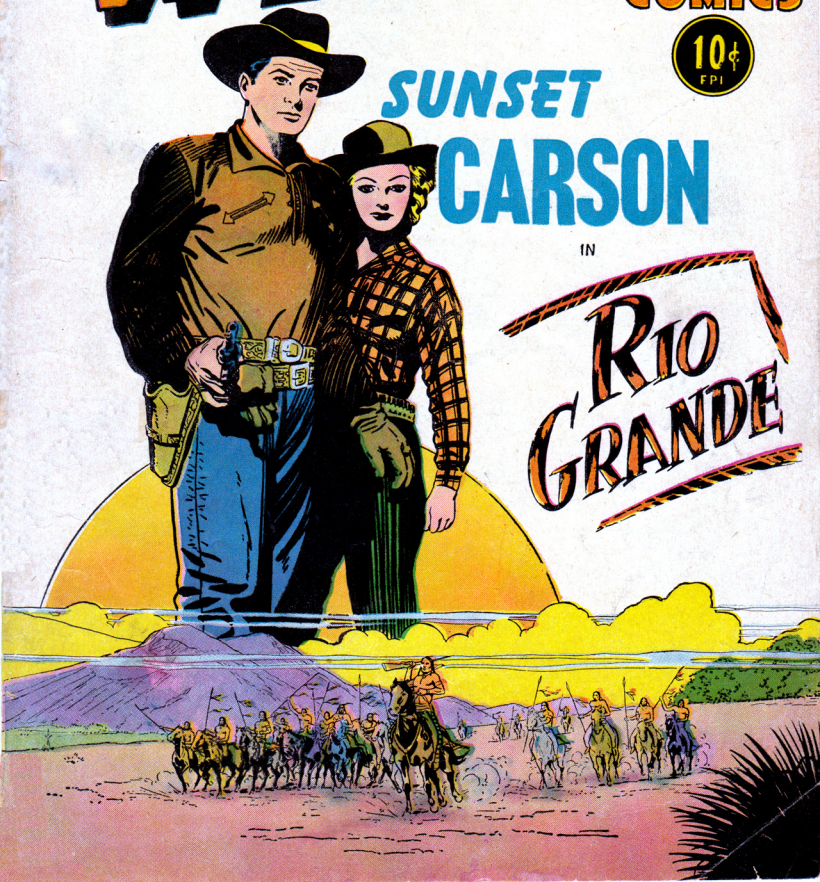
**COMICS**

10¢  
FPI

**SUNSET  
CARSON**

IN

**RIO  
GRANDE**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# JAIL



**SUNSET CARSON**  
*in*  
**"RIO GRANDE"**

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS published bi-monthly by Charlton Comics, Inc. Executive Offices and Office of Publication, Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn. Entered as Second Class Matter at Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 60c yearly. Vol. I, No. 29, Oct., 1950. Copyright 1950 by Charlton Comics Inc. Charles J. Levy and Charles Santangelo, Editors. Printed in the U. S. A.



STORY BY PETER G. COLE

RELEASED THRU ASTOR PICTURES CORP.

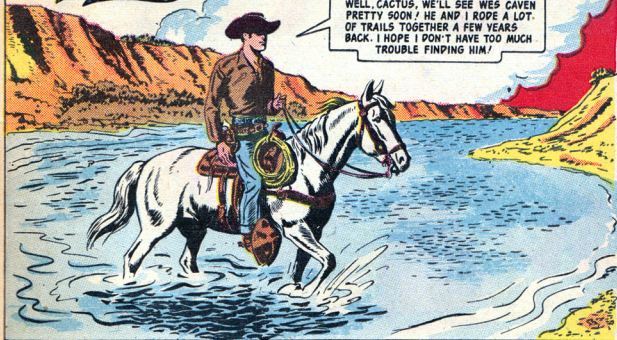
# Sunset Carson

## IN — RIO GRANDE



SUNSET CARSON HAS RIPPEN MANY STRANGE TRAILS WHERE DANGER LURKED AND SUDDEN DEATH SANG IN HIS EARS.... BUT HIS PRESENT MISSION TO THE RIO GRANDE COUNTRY IS A PEACEFUL ONE! AN OLD TRAIL PARTNER, WES CAVEN, IS WORKING FOR AN OUTFIT NEAR THE RIO AND SUNSET IS ON HIS WAY TO RENEW AN OLD FRIENDSHIP! YES, IT'S A PEACEFUL MISSION-- BUT THE RIO GRANDE COUNTRY IS NEVER PEACEFUL LONG!

WELL, CACTUS, WE'LL SEE WES CAVEN PRETTY SOON! HE AND I ROPE A LOT OF TRAILS TOGETHER A FEW YEARS BACK. I HOPE I PON'T HAVE TOO MUCH TROUBLE FINDING HIM!



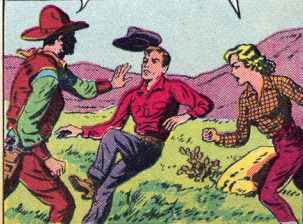
NO, SUNSET, YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE FINDING HIM--- TWO MILES AHEAD ON THE SAME TRAIL. WES CAVEN AND HIS TWO BOSSES, EP CARTER AND ELWOOD ARE DOING BUSINESS IN THEIR USUAL MANNER!

WE WARNED YUH ONCE, LANNING! WE'LL GET THIS RANCH ONE WAY OR ANOTHER! YOU'LL HAVE NOTHIN' BUT GRIEF TILL YOU SELL--AT OUR PRICE!

TAKE YOUR KILLER'S PAWS OFF ME! THIS RANCH ISN'T FOR SALE AT ANY PRICE, CAVEN!

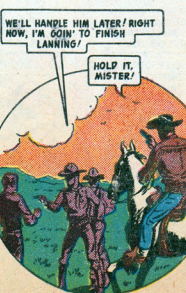
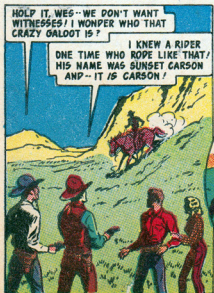
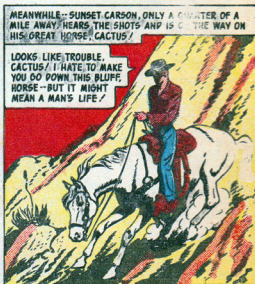
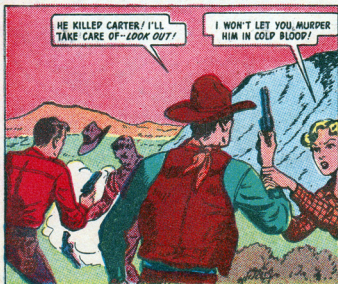
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, LANNING! I'LL GET THIS RANCH FOR MY BOSSES IF I HAVE TO KILL YOU TO DO IT! WHAT'LL IT BE---A SLUG OR DO YOU SIGN?

LEAVE MY BROTHER ALONE, WES CAVEN! THE SHERIFF'LL PROTECT US FROM YOU AND YOUR MURDERING FRIENDS!



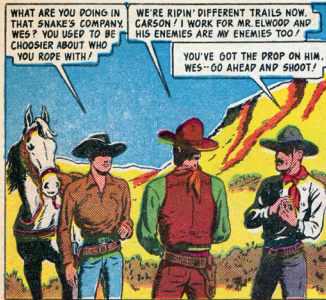


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





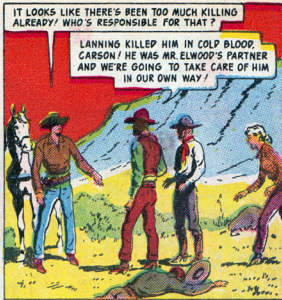
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT SNAKE'S COMPANY, WES? YOU USED TO BE CHOOSIER ABOUT WHO YOU ROPE WITH!

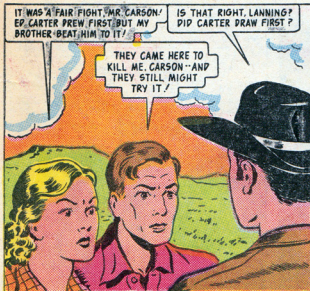
WE'RE RIPIN' DIFFERENT TRAILS NOW, CARSON! I WORK FOR MR. ELWOOD AND HIS ENEMIES ARE MY ENEMIES TOO!

YOU'VE GOT THE DROP ON HIM, WES--GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!



IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH KILLING ALREADY! WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT?

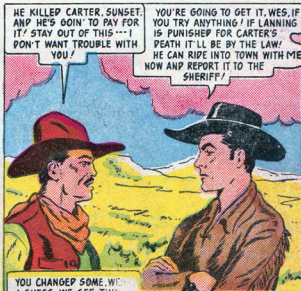
LANNING KILLED HIM IN COLD BLOOD, CARSON! HE WAS MR. ELWOOD'S PARTNER AND WE'RE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF HIM IN OUR OWN WAY!



IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT, MR. CARSON! EP, CARTER PREW FIRST, BUT MY BROTHER BEAT HIM TO IT!

IS THAT RIGHT, LANNING? DID CARTER DRAW FIRST?

THEY CAME HERE TO KILL ME, CARSON--AND THEY STILL MIGHT TRY IT!



HE KILLED CARTER, SUNSET, AND HE'S GOIN' TO PAY FOR IT! STAY OUT OF THIS--I DON'T WANT TROUBLE WITH YOU!

YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT, WES, IF YOU TRY ANYTHING! IF LANNING IS PUNISHED FOR CARTER'S DEATH IT'LL BE BY THE LAW! HE CAN RIDE INTO TOWN WITH ME NOW AND REPORT IT TO THE SHERIFF!

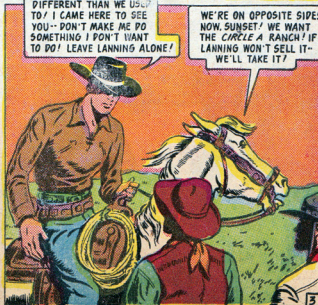
YOU CHANGED SOME, WES. I GUESS WE SEE THIN DIFFERENT THAN WE USED TO! I CAME HERE TO SEE YOU--DON'T MAKE ME DO SOMETHING I DON'T WANT TO DO! LEAVE LANNING ALONE!

WE'RE ON OPPOSITE SIDES NOW, SUNSET! WE WANT THE CIRCLE A RANCH! IF LANNING WON'T SELL IT--WE'LL TAKE IT!



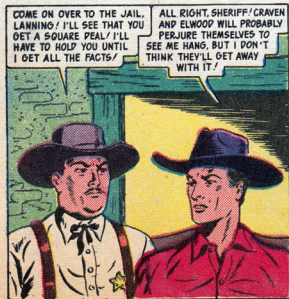
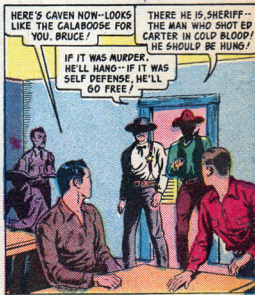
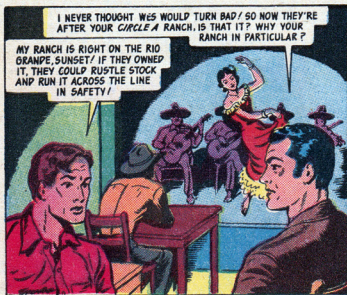
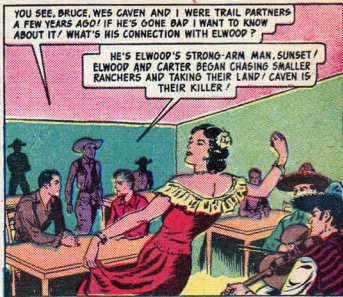
DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY, YOU FOOL! YOU'RE DRAWIN' GUNMAN'S PAY--PUT CARSON OUT OF THE WAY RIGHT NOW!

HE USED TO BE MY FRIEND, BUT THAT'S OVER! THERE AIN'T A MAN IN TEXAS CAN STAND UP TO CARSON IN A FAIR FIGHT! I'LL GET 'IM WHEN HE AIN'T EXPECTIN' IT!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

WE CAN TALK HERE, WES! LISTEN--IF LANNING GETS A FAIR TRIAL, HE'LL GO FREE! YOU HAVE TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T HAVE A TRIAL!

THAT DANCER CAN'T HEAR US AND IT WOULDN'T MATTER IF SHE COULD! SHE'D BE AFRAID TO CROSS ME! WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?

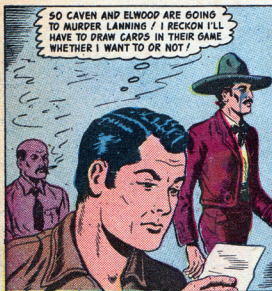
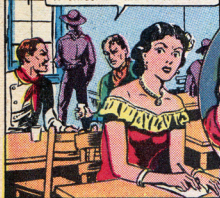
IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH--WE JUST FIND OUT WHAT CELL LANNING'S IN AND SHOOT HIM FROM THE WINDOW! I'LL GET THE MEN OUT TO HELP!

GOOD ENOUGH, BOSS! IF CARSON TRIES TO INTERFERE WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! I'LL HAVE A MAN WATCH 'IM!

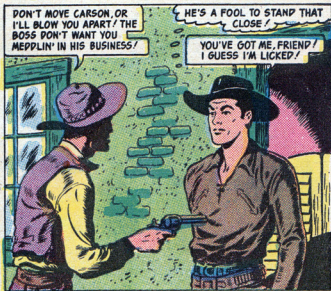
SUNSET CARSON DIDN'T KNOW HER--BUT THE DANCER KNEW HIM--AND KNEW HE'D STOP THE MURDER OF LANNING---

CAVEN WILL KILL ME IF HE SEES US TALKING! DON'T ASK QUESTIONS--IT'S ALL IN THE NOTE!

THANKS, MISS!



SO CAVEN AND ELWOOD ARE GOING TO MURDER LANNING! I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO DRAW CARDS IN THEIR GAME WHETHER I WANT TO OR NOT!



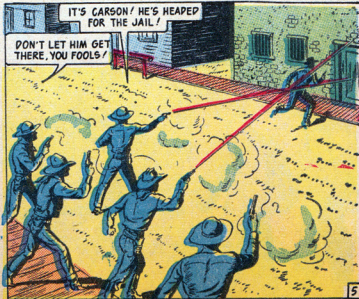
DON'T MOVE CARSON, OR I'LL BLOW YOU APART! THE BOSS DON'T WANT YOU MEPPLIN' IN HIS BUSINESS!

HE'S A FOOL TO STAND THAT CLOSE!

YOU'VE GOT ME, FRIEND! I GUESS I'M LICKED!

SUNSET CARSON MOVED FASTER THAN THE HIRED KILLER'S EYE COULD TRAVEL--AND TURNED THE TABLES!

HEY! ALL RIGHT, CARSON. DON'T SHOOT! LEARN HOW TO USE A GUN BEFORE YOU GO AROUND THREATENING PEOPLE WITH ONE, SONNY! DON'T MAKE A SOUND!



IT'S CARSON! HE'S HEADED FOR THE JAIL!

DON'T LET HIM GET THERE, YOU FOOLS!





WE'LL GET YOU ON THE WAY OUT, CARSON / YOU CAN'T BE THAT LUCKY A SECOND TIME /

I'LL COME SHOOTING, WES--AND / DON'T MISS /



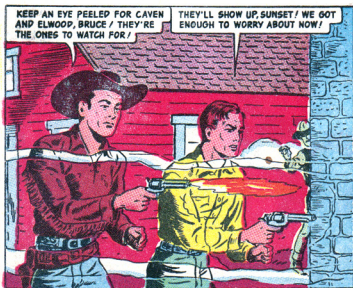
VERY NICE OF THE SHERIFF TO LEAVE THE KEY TO THE CELL, BRUCE / MOVE FAST--THEY'RE GUNNING FOR YOU!

THANKS, SUNSET, I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU--THE RATS WOULD'VE KILLED ME!



WE HAVE TO FACE THEM SOMETIME, BRUCE--AND NOW IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY! MOVE FAST AND HIT WHAT YOU AIM AT!

DON'T WORRY, SUNSET, I'M OUT TO EVEN UP A FEW SCORES--LET'S GO!



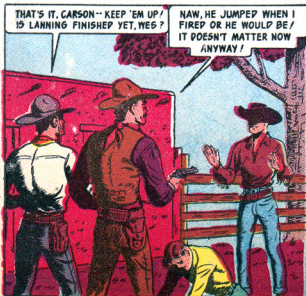
KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR CAVEN AND ELWOOD, BRUCE / THEY'RE THE ONES TO WATCH FOR!

THEY'LL SHOW UP, SUNSET / WE GOT ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT NOW!



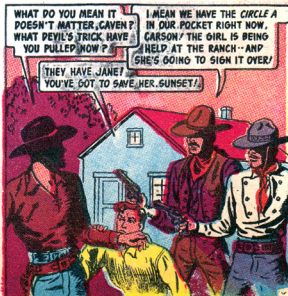
I'M HIT, SUNSET! THEY'RE BEHIND US!

DROP THE GUN, CARSON-- WE HAVE YOU COLD!



THAT'S IT, CARSON--KEEP 'EM UP! IS LANNING FINISHED YET, WES?

NAW, HE JUMPED WHEN I FIRED OR HE WOULD BE / IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW ANYWAY!



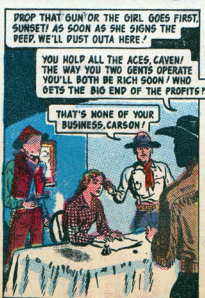
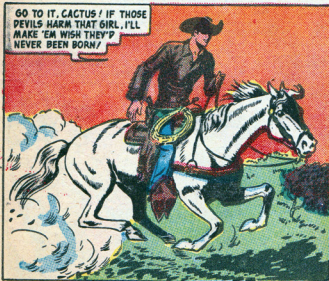
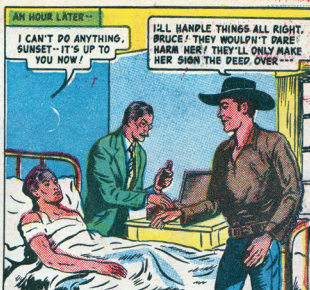
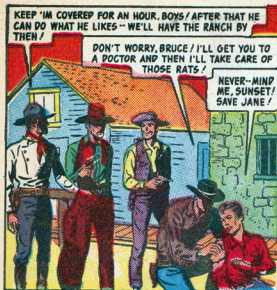
WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT DOESN'T MATTER, CAVEN? WHAT DEVIL'S TRICK HAVE YOU PULLED NOW?

I MEAN WE HAVE THE CIRCLE A IN OUR POCKET RIGHT NOW, CARSON / THE GIRL IS BEING HELD AT THE RANCH--AND SHE'S GOING TO SIGN IT OVER!

THEY HAVE JANE! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE HER, SUNSET!

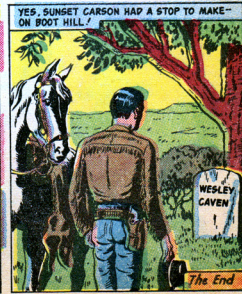
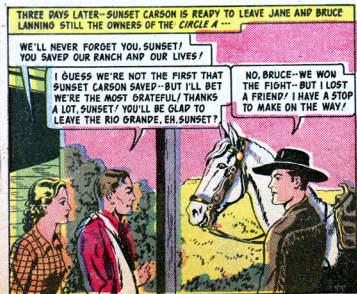
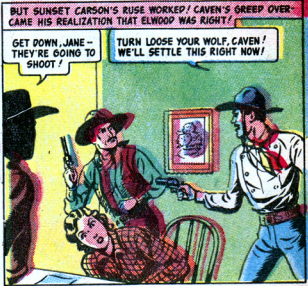


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

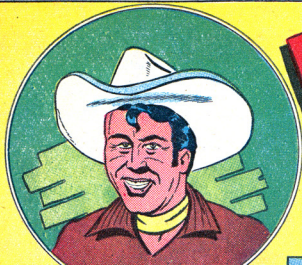




# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS







SUNSET CARSON-SOUTH AMERICAN CHAMPION '41 AND '42

# RODEO FACTS

MARCO DELMARCO

RODEO COMPETITION IS GREAT A COWBOY MUST BE A SKILLED RIDER AND IN THE BEST OF CONDITION TO COMPETE IN THE DANGEROUS CONTESTS THAT ARE ILLUSTRATED BELOW AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES.



## BULLDOGGING CONTEST

STEER WRESTLING, OR BULLDOGGING AS IT IS COMMONLY KNOWN, IS THE NEWEST OF RODEO SPORTS. AND IT'S POSSIBLY THE MOST DANGEROUS TO THE CONTESTANTS. STRENGTH, AGILITY AND A GOOD HORSE EXCEL IN THIS CONTEST.

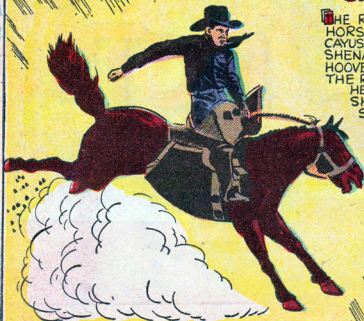
DESPITE THE DANGERS, COWBOYS LOVE THE THRILL OF MEETING AND CONQUERING BRUTE STRENGTH. THE BULLDOGGER GETS NO HELP EXCEPT FROM THE "HAZER" OR ANOTHER HORSE. AND ALL THE "HAZER" DOES IS KEEP THE STEER HEADED STRAIGHT. ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN TO THE BULLDOGGER-INCLUDING ROOM AND BOARD IN A HOSPITAL!



# RODEO FACTS

## SADDLE BRONC RIDING

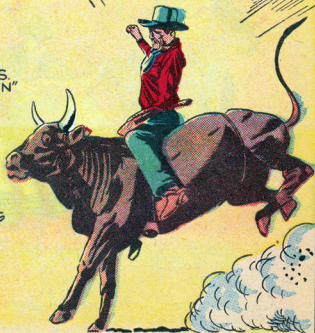
THE RULES ARE MADE TO HELP THE HORSE GET RID OF THE RIDER. THE CAYUSE CAN GO THROUGH ANY SORT OF A SHENANIGAN THAT HIS ORNERY MIND OR HOOFES OR LEGS CAN THINK UP, BUT THE RULES ARE STRICT ON THE RIDER. HE HAS TO RAKE HIS HORSE FROM SHOULDER TO THE CANTLE OF THE SADDLE EVERY JUMP FOR THE FIRST FIVE JUMPS. AFTER THAT, HE'S SUPPOSE TO KEEP SPURRING UNTIL THE BELL RINGS—AND THE MORE HE SPURS THE BETTER THE JUDGES SCORE HIM. EVERY RIDER DRAWS FOR HIS HORSE BY NUMBER EACH DAY. HE NEVER RIDES THE SAME ONE TWICE.



## BRAHMA BULL RIDING

THE REAL THRILLER OF THE RODEOS. WHEN YOU SEE THE RIDER "SCREW DOWN" ON ONE OF THOSE BRAHMAS IN THE CHUTES—AND WHEN YOU SEE THE FLASH OF FEET AND SWINGING OF SHARP HORNS—YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU'RE NOT OUT THERE RISKING YOUR LIFE.

TO MAKE A QUALIFIED RIDE ON ONE OF THESE BRUTES IS ONLY HALF THE BATTLE—THE NEXT THING IS TO GET OVER THE FENCE WITHOUT BEING TRAMPLED OR GORED. THERE ARE MANY BRAHMAS THAT FEW MEN CAN RIDE FOR MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS UNDER RODEO RULES.





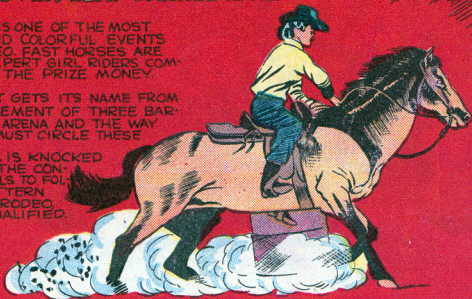
# RODEO FACTS

## GIRL'S CLOVER LEAF BARREL RACE

THIS EVENT IS ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING AND COLORFUL EVENTS OF THE RODEO. FAST HORSES ARE RIDDEN BY EXPERT GIRL RIDERS COMPETING FOR THE PRIZE MONEY.

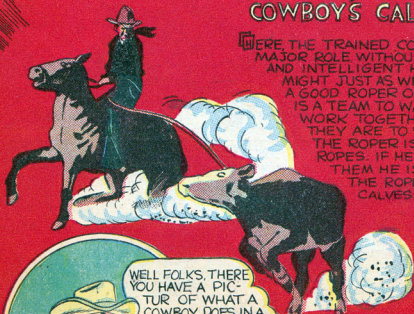
THE CONTEST GETS ITS NAME FROM THE ARRANGEMENT OF THREE BARRELS IN THE ARENA AND THE WAY THE RIDER MUST CIRCLE THESE BARRELS.

IF A BARREL IS KNOCKED OVER OR IF THE CONTESTANT FAILS TO FOLLOW THE PATTERN SET BY THE RODEO, SHE IS DISQUALIFIED.



## COWBOY'S CALF ROPING

HERE, THE TRAINED COW PONY PLAYS A MAJOR ROLE WITHOUT A TRAINED SPEEDY AND INTELLIGENT HORSE, THE ROPER MIGHT JUST AS WELL NOT COMPETE. BUT A GOOD ROPER ON A WELL-TRAINED HORSE IS A TEAM TO WATCH. THE BETTER THEY WORK TOGETHER THE MORE APT THEY ARE TO WIN BIG PURSES. THE ROPER IS ALLOWED TO THROW TWO ROPES. IF HE MISSES WITH BOTH OF THEM HE IS OUT OF THE CONTEST. THE ROPERS THAT ROPE THEIR CALVES THE FASTEST ARE PAID "DAY MONEY".

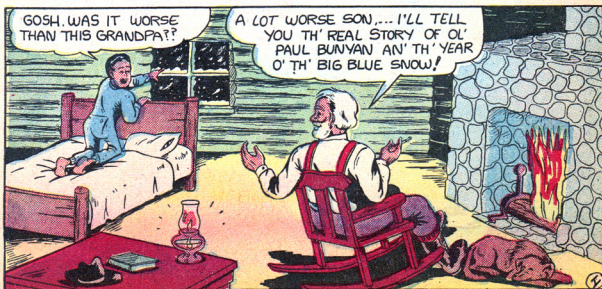


WELL FOLKS, THERE YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF WHAT A COWBOY DOES IN A RODEO. IT'S A TOUGH WAY TO MAKE A LIVING, DON'T YOU THINK?



# LEGENDS OF

# PAUL BUNYAN





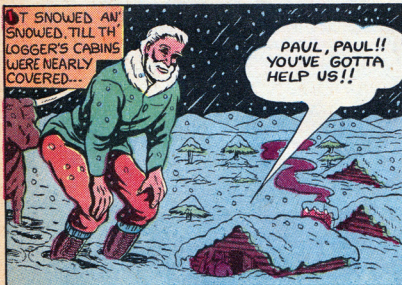
ONE MORNING OL' PAUL WOKE UP TO FIND THAT IT HAD SNOWED THROUGH THE NIGHT-----



----- BUT THIS WERN'T NO ORDINARY SNOW,!!... NOSIR!!  
----- IT WERE THE PURTIEST BLUE YOU EVER SAW...



IT SNOWED AN' SNOWED, TILL TH' LOGGER'S CABINS WERE NEARLY COVERED---



THIS BLAMED BLUE SNOW HAS NEARLY COVERED OUR CAMP,--  
--AN' IF IT KEEPS UP WE'LL ALL SMOTHER!!

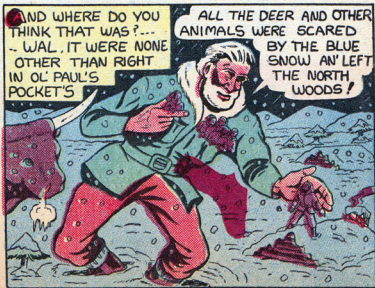


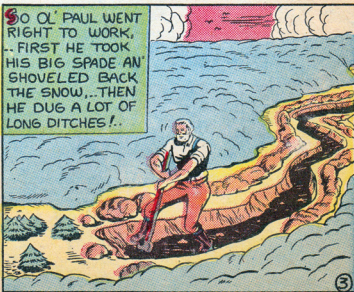
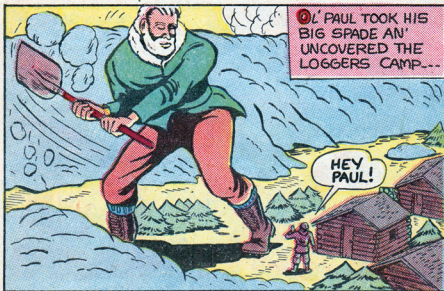
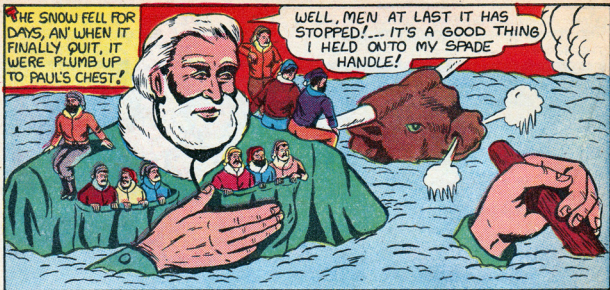
HMM... IT SURE DOESN'T SHOW ANY SIGNS O' LETTIN' UP,-- THERE IS ONLY ONE PLACE YOU MEN WILL BE SAFE!



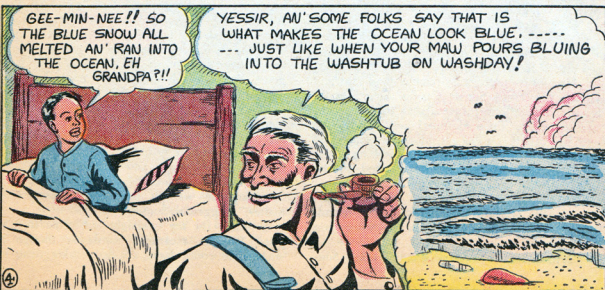
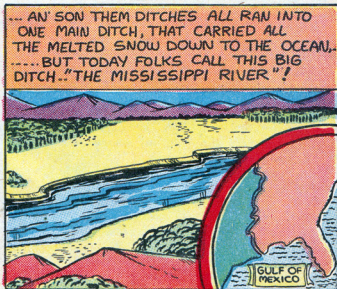
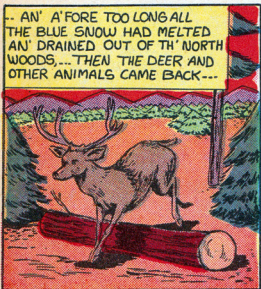
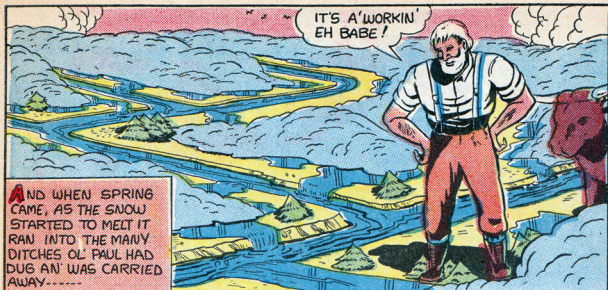
AND WHERE DO YOU THINK THAT WAS?...  
-- WAL, IT WERE NONE OTHER THAN RIGHT IN OL' PAUL'S POCKET'S

ALL THE DEER AND OTHER ANIMALS WERE SCARED BY THE BLUE SNOW AN' LEFT THE NORTH WOODS!









# Sunset Carson Handles A Tough Situation

It was evident that Sheriff Lon Eagan was nervous and upset. He was walking up and down the length of his office and little beads of perspiration were forming on his forehead. "The sooner Sunset Carson gets here the better," he remarked to his deputy, Jim Hammil. "Here we are sitting on a powder keg that can explode any minute. And once the shooting begins, no telling who'll get killed".

The lanky, thin-faced, brown-eyed deputy was seated most comfortably with his feet across the desk top. From the corner of his eye he watched his rather stout bald-headed superior build up high blood pressure. "Take it easy, Lon," he advised. "All the worrying in the world won't get Sunset here any quicker. If he got the message you sent him, he ought to be stepping cross the threshold any minute now."

Ralton City resembled any of the hundreds of other western communities that had sprung up in the territory. There were the same long lines of hitching rails, the benches, and the whiskey barrels filled with water for fire protection. You could say of this place that it was dust, heat, and prairie, but above all, dust. Down the main and only street of the town came a chestnut mare. The rider was a good looking, clear and keen eyed man, with a friendly smile for the entire world. His gun belt hung carelessly low to all appearances. But it was so adjusted that with one quick sweep of the right hand, the fingers would tighten over the butt of that deadly Colt in its holster.

Here was the most famous and fearless man of the West, Sunset Carson. Greetings of "Howdy, Sunset", met his ears as the rider and horse went to their destination. Outside the sheriff's office, Sunset dismounted and tied the reins of his horse to the hitching post. Merely as a matter of form he knocked on the door and then opened it himself.

"Thank Heavens, you're here", Sheriff Eagan said, as he grasped the hand of his friend. "I've been having nightmares, thinking you didn't get the message".

"What's all the mystery about?" asked Sun-

set. "All you wrote to me was that it looked as though the lid of the town might be blown skyways unless I came here and took a hand in things."

"Maybe, maybe, I can explain", interrupted Jim Hammil, "though I'm as much in the dark about it as Lon. A lot of gun slingers been coming into town the last month. Some of them drifted out to the Bar-X Ranch, that's Wes Brutan's place. The rest been heading for the Double-O ranch, owned by old man Foly. Seems they are headed for a fight. What we want to know is what's it all about?"

"Common sense could say we take a trip out to the Bar-X ranch and put the question straight to Wes. Met him a few years back in Texas so I don't think I'll be unwelcome," suggested Sunset, "and the sooner we get out there the sooner we learn whose trouble it whose!"

The deputy remained behind and Sheriff Lon Eagan and Sunset headed their mounts for the Bar-X ranch. The men rode for about an hour until they saw the ranch house in the distance. As they went around a bend in the trail, two men, each armed with rifles, seemed to come from nowhere. "Hold up a minute there", ordered one of them. The second man countermanded the order. "Let 'em pass, Pete. It's the law. Guess they want to see Wes on some official business."

The two continued riding without speaking. They dismounted in front of the ranch house and a hand took their horses. The door opened as Wes Brutan came out and walked right up to them. He was a middle-aged, stocky man, with thinning grey hair and a long, drooping moustache. "Hello, sheriff." And then turning to Sunset, he greeted, "Long time no see, Sunset. What brings you down to my place. Social visit or business?"

"Suppose we go inside and discuss the matter," suggested Sunset.

"Sorry for my oversight but come in," replied Wes in measured words as though he wished he could have avoided making the in-



vation. Once inside Sunset understood the hesitancy in Wes' voice. There were open boxes of cartridges on the table and a line of rifles stacked up against the farther end of the room. "Why all the artillery?" asked the Sheriff.

The question had to be answered, and Wes decided this was not the time to be evasive. "Old Man Foly's been using the west grazing land as though it were his own. The time has come for a show down. It's his cattle or mine. And I'm not a bit particular when the shooting begins. The sooner the better 'cause I got some of the best shots on my payroll."

"Take it easy, Wes," suggested Sunset Carson. "That grazing land is government land. Doesn't belong to you or to Foly. Anyone can use it. Seems you two ought to talk this matter over before the shooting begins."

"Wes," put in the sheriff, "you seem to forget that I am the law around here. It's my job to prevent trouble and once it starts, it's my duty to see it ends."

Wes had the answer on the tip of his tongue. "I'm well aware about the duties of a sheriff. I'm not starting anything. But if anything happens I have the right of self defense."

Somewhat to the surprise of both men Sunset brought the matter to an apparent end. "Guess we are taking up a bit too much of your time. We got to head back to town. Good to see you." The sheriff said nothing and followed Sunset out of the ranch house. They then mounted their horses. When they were about half way back to town, Lon's curiosity got the best of him. "Bet there's something cooking in the back of your head as to how to handle this matter." "Could be," was the laconic reply.

Deputy Jim Hammil met the two of them outside the office. "Old Man Foly is inside. Mad as can be," he warned the sheriff. The three entered the office. Foly was a man somewhere on the easy side of sixty, thin and weatherbeaten, but a man to stand erect and hold his head straight up. "Look here, sheriff," he half shouted. "I want you and Sunset Carson to stay out of my business. Don't you two go round musing in my affairs."

"Sorry if we upset you," apologized Sunset, with a little smile playing on his lips. "But don't worry, I'm going to leave town pronto." Sheriff Eagan saw Sunset to his horse. "What's up?" he demanded in no uncertain tone of voice. "Going to pay Chief Thunder Cloud a visit," replied Sunset. "I once saved his life and he made me his blood brother. Got an idea to prevent bloodshed and I got to be riding fast."

A week later a hand rushed into the living room of the Bar-X ranch and shouted, "Hun-

dreds of head of cattle coming up through the southern pass and headed for the range." Wes Brutan's reply was crisp. "Round up the boys, the time for shooting is here." At about the same time a hand made a somewhat similar announcement to the owner of the Double-O ranch. And Old Man Foly gave his orders, "The time is here for the showdown. If it's fighting they want, they're going to get a belly full of lead."

But Old Man Foley and Wes Brutan got the surprise of their lives. There were hundreds of head of cattle on the range and with them were Indians, well-armed. Sheriff Eagan, his deputy Jim, and Sunset were there. The two ranch owners rode up to Sunset and made their demand, "Get those Injuns off this land before we start sending them to the happy hunting grounds. They belong on their reservation."

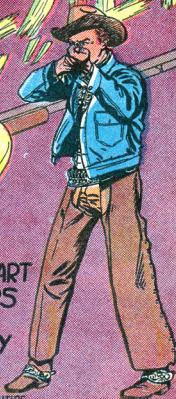
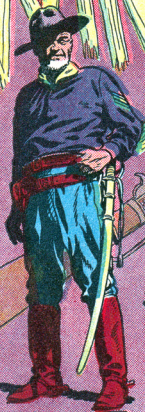
Sunset laughed. From his back pocket he produced a document. "This is the written permission given to me by General Logan to take the Indians and their cattle to look for pasture lands. And I also have an order signed by Judge Barrett of the Third District Court saying the Indians can watch the cattle. You see, I bought all these cattle as soon as we left the reservation and they are going to use this public land. And in case you want a fight, they are armed with the latest model repeating rifles." As though the Indians had heard the last words, they all took their rifles from the saddle scabbards and held them in the air. That was enough to bring matters to a head and Wes took the first step.

"Those cattle can eat all the grass and we'd have a headache. Well, Sunset, what are your terms? I'm beaten." Sunset looked at the two ranch owners. "There's no substitute for a bit of common sense. You can't settle the problems of the growing West with gunplay. You two fellows are first going to shake hands." The two ranchers hesitated for a minute and then shook hands as though they meant it. "Next, you send those gun slingers back home. And from now on you use this public land together. There's enough grass for all your cattle unless you become pigs."

There was a big celebration that night. Old Man Foly, Wes Brutan, the sheriff, his deputy, Chief Thunder Cloud and Sunset Carson. They had a barbecue that satisfied all appetites. And when it was over, Sunset said something they were to remember for a long time. "A bullet from a gun can't be recalled no easier than an evil word that passes a man's lips."

—Harold Gluck

# UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL Presents WINCHESTER



*Starring*  
**JAMES STEWART**  
**SHELLEY WINTERS**  
**DAN DURYEA**  
**STEPHEN McNALLY**  
*With*

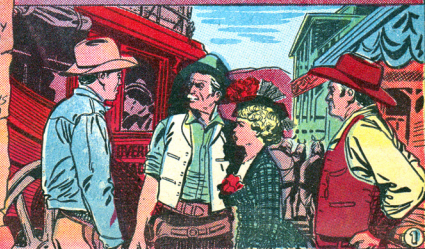
**MILLARD MITCHELL**  
**CHARLES DRAKE** **JOHN MCINTIRE**  
**WILL GEER** **JAY C. FLIPPEN**

**SCREENPLAY BY ROBERT L. RICHARDS**  
**AND BORDEN CHASE**  
**DIRECTED BY ANTHONY MANN - PRODUCED BY ARNOLD ROSENBERG**

ON JULY 4, 1873, A PAIR OF SADDLE-WEARY STRANGERS, LIN MCADAM AND HIGH SPADE FRANKIE WILSON, RIDE INTO DODGE CITY, KANSAS, WHERE LIN HOPES TO FIND DUTCH HENRY BROWN, WITH WHOM HE HAS AN OLD SCORE TO SETTLE. LIN ATTEMPTS TO HELP LOLA MANNERS WHO IS BEING RUN OUT OF TOWN BY MARSHALL WYATT EARP. EARP EXPLAINS THAT DODGE CITY WANTS NO WOMEN OF LOLA'S REPUTATION TO MAR ITS JULY FOURTH CELEBRATION—



ANOTHER M/K STUDIOS FEATURE





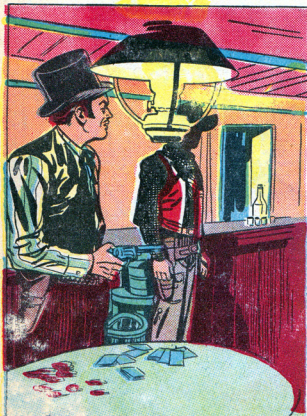
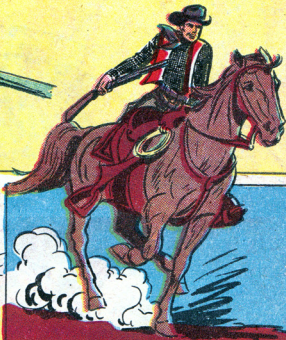
EARR® SUGGESTS® THAT LIN AND HIGH SPADE CHECK THEIR SIDEARMS DURING THE CELEBRATION AND ENTER THE RIFLE SHOOT.

WINNER OF THE CONTEST TO GET A COVETED "ONE IN A THOUSAND" 1873 WINCHESTER RIFLE. McADAM FINDS THE MAN FAVORED TO WIN IS DUTCH HENRY THE ENEMY HE SEEKS. THEY POSTPONE THEIR BLOOD FEUD TO SHOOT IT OUT IN THE MATCH. THE PRIZED RIFLE GOING, IN A BITTERLY CLOSE CONTEST TO LIN McADAM.



BUT LIN'S POSSESSION OF THE GUN IS ONLY TEMPORARY. DUTCH HENRY STEALS INTO HIS HOTEL ROOM, WAYLAYS LIN AND KNOCKS HIM UNCONSCIOUS. HE IS ABOUT TO KILL LIN WHEN DISCOVERED BY HIGH SPADE AND WYATT EARR.

DUTCH HENRY JUMPS OUT OF A WINDOW AND RIDES OUT OF TOWN, TAKING THE WINCHESTER WITH HIM.

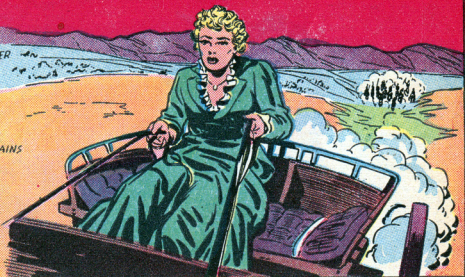


THEIR HOLSTERS STILL CHECKED WITH THE MARSHALL, DUTCH HENRY AND TWO PALS RIDE INTO INDIAN COUNTRY WITH THE PRIZED WINCHESTER THEIR ONLY WEAPON. AT A LONELY TRADING POST DUTCH BECOMES INVOLVED IN A POKER GAME WITH JOE LAMONT, RENEGADE INDIAN TRADER. LAMONT WINS DUTCH'S MONEY AND FORCES HIM AT GUNPOINT TO TURN OVER THE RIFLE AS PART OF THE STAKES. LAMONT LEAVES DUTCH AND HIS BOYS SOME OLD WEAPONS INTENDED FOR INDIAN TRADE.

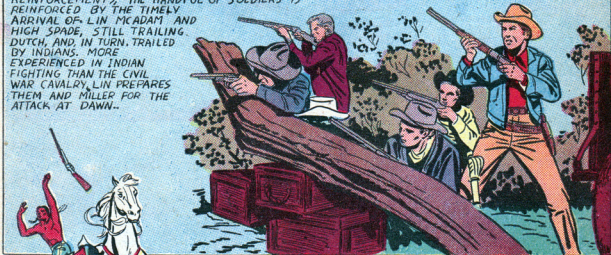


LAMONT TAKES THE WINCHESTER FURTHER INTO INDIAN COUNTRY, TO A RENDEZVOUS WITH CHIEF YOUNG BULL. FIRED BY THE ANNIHILATION OF CUSTER AT LITTLE BIG HORN, THE INDIANS ARE IN WAR PAINT. YOUNG BULL DISCOVERS THE WINCHESTER IN LAMONT'S PACK AND MURDERS HIM FOR IT. THE CHIEF THEN RAISES HIS ARM AS A SIGNAL TO HIS BRAVES TO TAKE TO THE WAR PATH.

THE REDSKINS PURSUE AN UNESCORTED BUCKBOARD CARRYING LOLA MANNERS AND HER FIANCE, STEVE MILLER TO THE RANCH WHERE THEY PLAN TO WED. STEVE TURNS YELLOW, RIDES AWAY ON HORSE BACK, LEAVING LOLA TO ESCAPE AS BEST SHE CAN. MILLER FINDS A CAVALRY DETACHMENT CAMPED JUST AHEAD, REGAINS HIS NERVE, AND RIDES BACK TO LEAD LOLA SAFELY INTO CAMP.

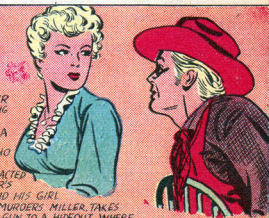


BUT THERE IS LITTLE SAFETY IN THE CAVALRY CAMP! PINNED DOWN BY SURROUNDING INDIANS AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF YOUNG BULL'S REINFORCEMENTS, THE HANDFUL OF SOLDIERS IS REINFORCED BY THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF LIN MCADAM AND HIGH SPADE, STILL TRAILING DUTCH, AND, IN TURN, TRAILED BY INDIANS. MORE EXPERIENCED IN INDIAN FIGHTING THAN THE CIVIL WAR CAVALRY, LIN PREPARES THEM AND MILLER FOR THE ATTACK AT DAWN...



THE INDIANS ATTACK AS LIN PREDICTED, LED BY YOUNG BULL WITH THE WINCHESTER BUT THE POORLY MANNED CAVALRY BIVOUAC IS READY, WITH THE REPEATING RIFLES IN THE HANDS OF LIN, HIGH SPADE AND MILLER BACKING THE SINGLE-SHOT RIFLES OF THE SOLDIERS. LIN'S RAPID SHOOTING TAKES HEAVY TOLL OF REDSKINS WHO ARE DRIVEN OFF. THE SERGEANT IN COMMAND SEES MILLER PICK OFF YOUNG BULL WITH A LUCKY SHOT, RECOVERS THE WINCHESTER FROM THE CHIEF'S CORPSE AND PRESENTS THE GUN TO MILLER.

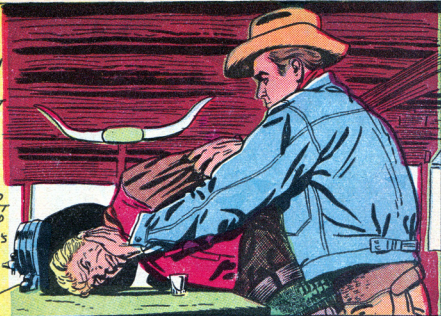
LOLA AND MILLER RIDE ON, MEETING UP WITH WACO JOHNNY DEAN, A WIDELY-FEARED GUN-SLINGER WHO HAS A POSSE ON HIS HEELS. ATTRACTED BY BOTH MILLER'S WINCHESTER AND HIS GIRL WACO CALMLY MURDERS MILLER, TAKES LOLA AND THE GUN TO A HIDEOUT WHERE HE MEETS DUTCH HENRY AND HIS BOYS. TOGETHER THEY PLAN A BANK ROBBERY IN TACOSSA. DUTCH HENRY TAKES THE GUN FROM WACO, SAYING IT IS HIS, BUT WACO TELLS LOLA HE'LL GET IT BACK FROM DUTCH JUST AS HE GOT IT BACK FROM MILLER.



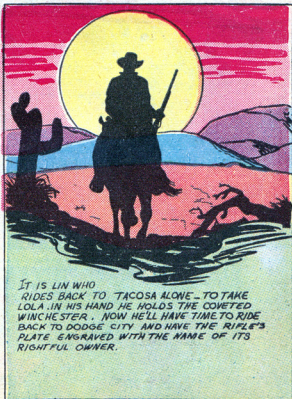


LIN AND HIGH SPADE RIDE INTO TACOSA FIND LOLA PLAYING A PIANO IN A SALOON. FEARING FOR HER LIFE, SHE TELLS THEM THAT WACO, DRINKING AT THE BAR, KILLED MILLER AND PLANS TO ROB THE BANK ACROSS THE STREET WITH A MAN NAMED DUTCH HENRY. LIN GIVES WACO A BEATING AND FORCES HIM TO LEAD THE WAY TO DUTCH!

LIN AND HIGH SPADE FIND THEMSELVES IN A GUN FIGHT WITH WACO AND DUTCH HENRY IN THE STREET BETWEEN THE SALOON AND THE BANK. LIN SHOOT'S WACO, BUT ONE OF DUTCH'S BULLETS HITS LOLA IN THE ARM.



AS LIN TURNS TO HELP HER, DUTCH GETS AWAY AND RIDES FOR THE HILLS, TAKING THE WINCHESTER. LIN PURSUES, LEAVING LOLA WITH HIGH SPADE. HE TELLS HER LIN AND DUTCH ARE BROTHERS, THAT DUTCH KILLED THEIR FATHER, AND THAT LIN DEMANDS VENGEANCE. IN A SPECTACULAR RIFLE DUEL IN THE HILLS, THE BROTHERS FIGHT IT OUT TO THE FINISH.



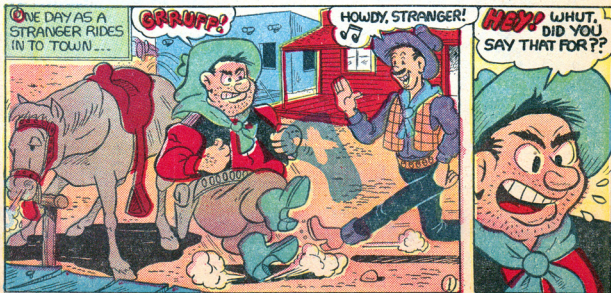
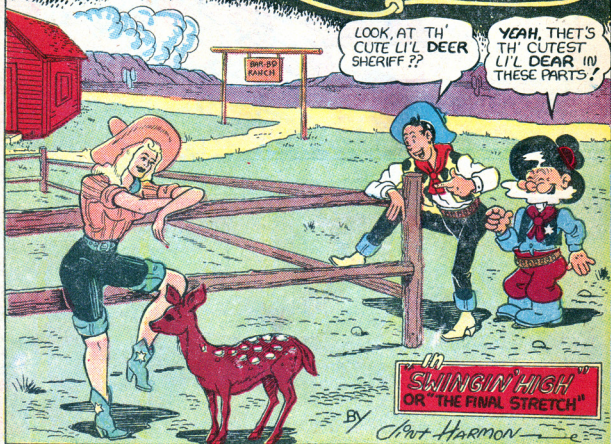
IT IS LIN WHO RIDES BACK TO TACOSA ALONE - TO TAKE LOLA. IN HIS HAND HE HOLDS THE COVETED WINCHESTER. NOW HE'LL HAVE TIME TO RIDE BACK TO DODGE CITY AND HAVE THE RIFLE'S PLATE ENGRAVED WITH THE NAME OF ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER.

Write to the "Editor of Cowboy Western Comics"  
DERBY, CONN.

IF YOU WANT MORE PICTURE STORIES ABOUT  
SUNSET CARSON'S FRIENDS IN THE MOVIES!!

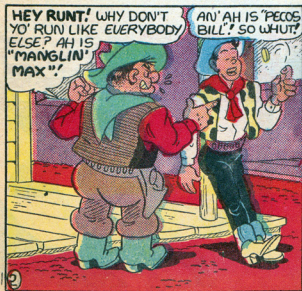
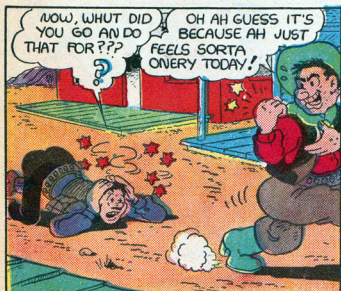
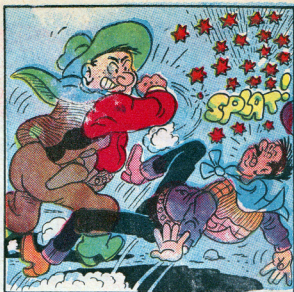
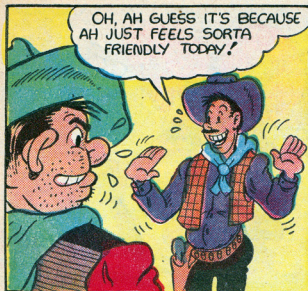


# PECOS *Bill*

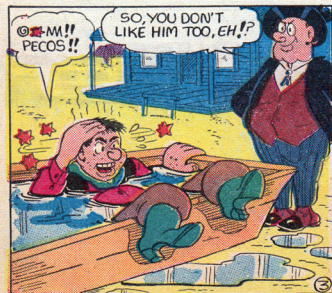
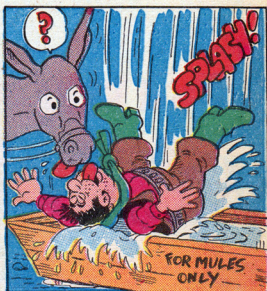
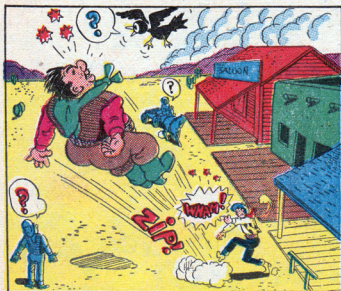
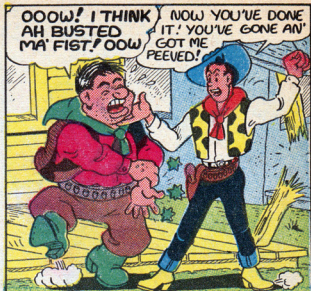




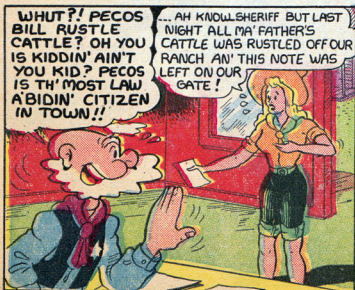
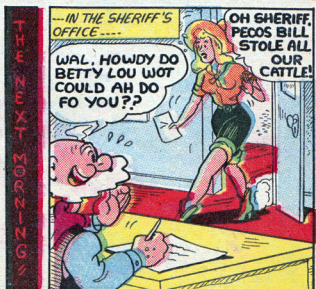
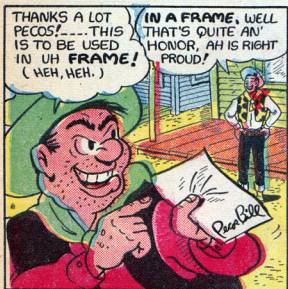
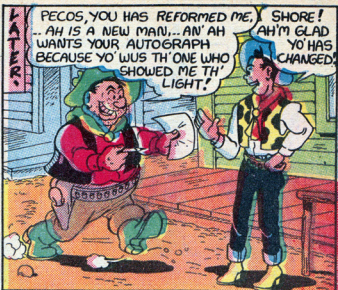
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

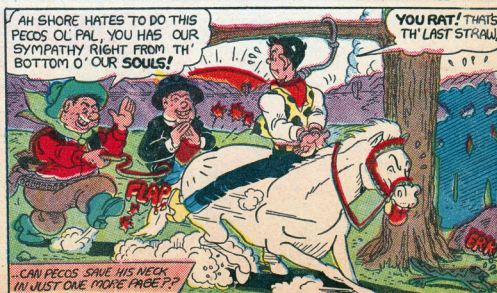
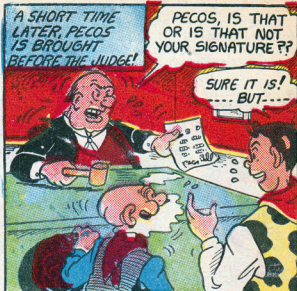
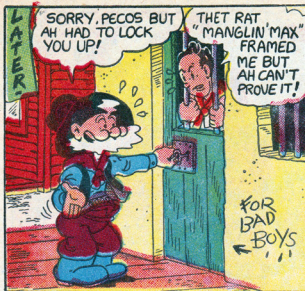


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

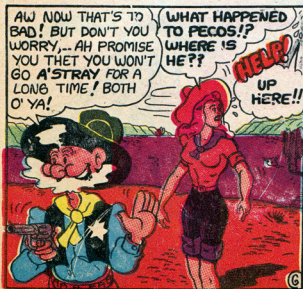












# THE CARSON STORY

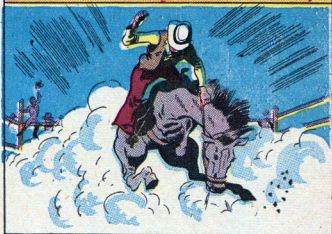




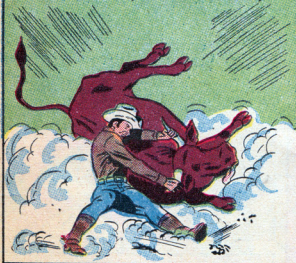
THIS HANDSOME, SIX FEET, FOUR INCH, TEXAN WAS AS YOU MIGHT SAY, BORN IN THE SADDLE. SUNSET HAD COMPETED IN MORE THAN FORTY RODEOS BY THE TIME HE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD! QUITE A FEAT FOR A BOY OF HIS AGE.



HE CARRIED AWAY MOST OF THE HONORS WITH HIS RIDING SKILL. HE WON EVERY KNOWN CONTEST THAT WAS POSSIBLE FOR A YOUNGSTER IN HIS TEENS TO ENTER.

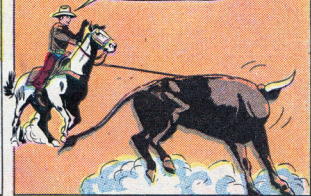


BRONC-BUSTING, BULL-DOGGING,



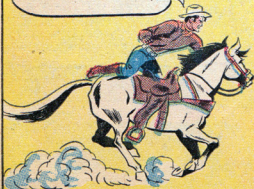
CALF-ROPING.

C'MERE YOU LITTLE HUNK OF GREASED LIGHTNIN', WE GOT A LITTLE RASSLIN' TO DO!



RIDING, MOUNTING AND--

LET'S GO, CACTUS, WE GOT A RIDING CONTEST TO WIN!



STANDING



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

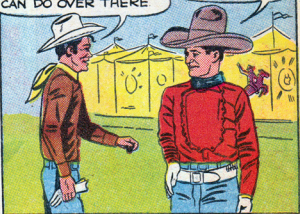
BEFORE HE WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE FAMOUS TOM MIX'S CIRCUS.



AFTER SPENDING SOME TIME WITH MIX'S CIRCUS AS ONE OF ITS STAR ATTRACTIONS, SUNSET WAS BITTEN BY THE TRAVELING BUG AND ONE DAY HE TALKED TO HIS BOSS AND WAS GIVEN HIS RELEASE.

I WANT TO TELL YOU TOM, IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TRAVELING WITH YOUR CIRCUS, BUT I'M OFF TO SOUTH AMERICA TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO OVER THERE.

WELL YOUNGSTER, IF I WAS A LITTLE YOUNGER MYSELF I'D GO ALONG WITH YOU!



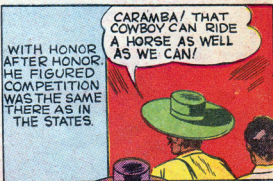
EVEN IN ARGENTINA, WHERE THE COWBOYS ARE SUPPOSED TO HEAD THE LIST AS THE FINEST IN THE WORLD, THIS TALL TEXAN SHOWED THEM 'HOW' AND WALKED OFF--

YIPPEEE!



WITH HONOR AFTER HONOR, HE FIGURED COMPETITION WAS THE SAME THERE AS IN THE STATES.

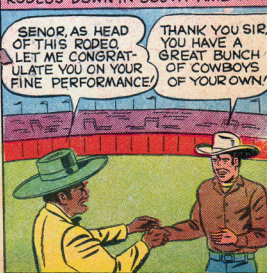
CARAMBA! THAT COWBOY CAN RIDE A HORSE AS WELL AS WE CAN!



RIDING, ROPING, BRONCO-BUSTING OR ANY OTHER FEAT, SUNSET CARRIED AWAY MOST OF THE HONORS IN THE RODEOS DOWN IN SOUTH AMERICA.

SEÑOR, AS HEAD OF THIS RODEO, LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR FINE PERFORMANCE!

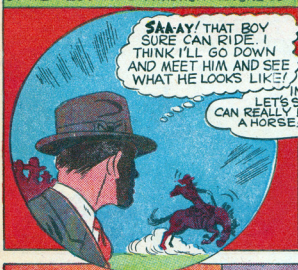
THANK YOU SIR, YOU HAVE A GREAT BUNCH OF COWBOYS OF YOUR OWN!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

ONE DAY WHILE PERFORMING HE WAS SEEN BY THE PRESIDENT OF A MOTION PICTURE CO.



SAAAY! THAT BOY SURE CAN RIDE. I THINK I'LL GO DOWN AND MEET HIM AND SEE WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN REALLY DO ON A HORSE!

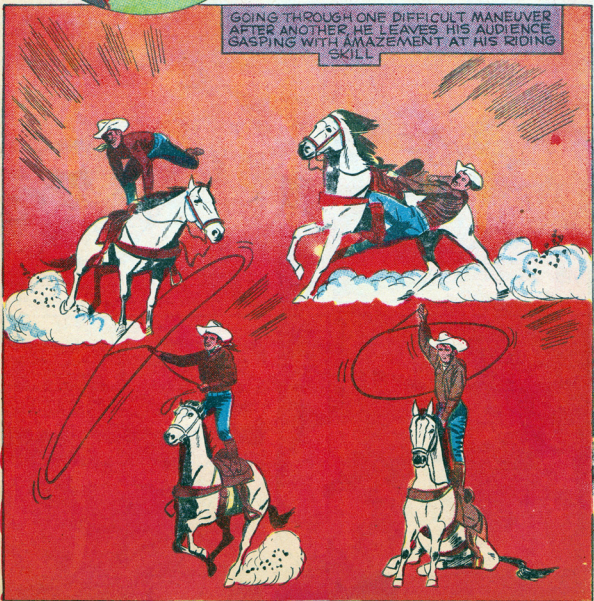
H-M-M-M, HEIGHT, LOOKS, AND WHAT A SMILE! THIS LAD IS A NATURAL FOR PICTURES.

MR CARSON, MY NAME IS ROBERT SAVINI OF ASTOR PICTURES, I THINK I CAN USE YOU IN MY PICTURES.

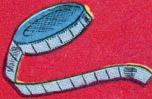
HA-HA! SAY MISTER YOU'RE NOT KIDDING ARE YOU? NNO, I GUESS NOT. SURE I'LL GIVE YOU AN EXHIBITION OF MY RIDIN' WHAT CAN I LOSE



GOING THROUGH ONE DIFFICULT MANEUVER AFTER ANOTHER HE LEAVES HIS AUDIENCE GASPING WITH AMAZEMENT AT HIS RIDING SKILL

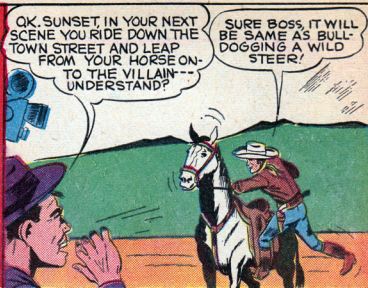


HE WAS GIVEN A CONTRACT AND WAS STARRING IN ACTION-PACKED WESTERN FEATURES. HE RECENTLY WON EIGHTH PLACE IN THE ANNUAL POLL OF FAME, WHICH NAMED HIM ONE OF THE TOP WESTERN STARS.



OK, SUNSET, IN YOUR NEXT SCENE YOU RIDE DOWN THE TOWN STREET AND LEAP FROM YOUR HORSE ON-- TO THE VILLAIN-- UNDERSTAND?

SURE BOSS, IT WILL BE SAME AS BULL-DOGGING A WILD STEER!

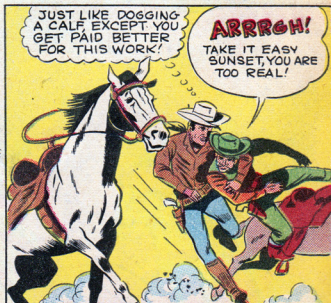


LET'S GO CACTUS! WE HAVE GOT TO GIVE THESE PEOPLE PLENTY OF ACTION FOR THEIR MONEY!



JUST LIKE DOGGING A CALF, EXCEPT YOU GET PAID BETTER FOR THIS WORK!

**ARRRRH!**  
TAKE IT EASY SUNSET, YOU ARE TOO REAL!

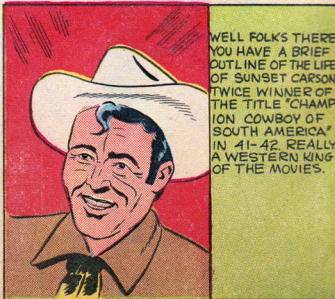


ROB THE PAY-ROLL AND SHOOT MY BEST FRIEND WILL YA, WELL TAKE THAT--AND THAT!

**OOFFF!!**



WELL FOLKS THERE YOU HAVE A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE LIFE OF SUNSET CARSON, TWICE WINNER OF THE TITLE "CHAMPION COWBOY OF SOUTH AMERICA" IN 41-42. REALLY A WESTERN KING OF THE MOVIES.





**SUNSET CARSON**  
*in*  
**"RIO GRANDE"**



**BOYS! GIRLS! GET YOUR FREE SINGING LARIAT!**  
**GIANT WILD WEST IT FLYS! IT HUMS! IT SINGS!**  
**IT'S AMAZING!**

**YOU'LL LOVE IT!**

You'll amaze everybody—even yourself  
 —with your skillful, thrilling rope tricks and stunts  
 —just like ROY ROGERS and Wild West rodeo stars!  
**Also FREE!!** Illustrated instructions how you can perform  
 hair-raising Spirals, Corkscrews, Curls, Whirls, and many,  
 more. Even how to nimbly SKIP THROUGH THE WINGING,  
 SINGING LOOPS! You'll be the most admired, most envied  
 kid "on the range!"

**Wear the FAMOUS**  
**ROY ROGERS STRIPED BLAZER SOCKS**

It's ALL YOURS—a FREE GIFT for FAST ACTION! Just mail your order  
 TODAY for your Real Square Deal ROY ROGERS SOCKS. Then you'll  
 be the owner of the GIANT WILD WEST HUMMING LARIAT.

**YIPPEE!** You're Rootin' Tootin' Rancheras when you wear

**ROY ROGERS SOCKS**

Think of owning 5 pairs GUARANTEED  
 genuine ROY ROGERS SOCKS in brilliant  
 assorted blazer stripes! Every single, soli-  
 tary sock has 2 action pictures of THE KING  
 OF THE COWBOYS—ROY  
 ROGERS—on his famous horse  
 TRIGGER! Yep! 4 Pictures to  
 each pair! Plenty purty, pard  
 ... but tough stuff. ROY  
 ROGERS SOCKS take the  
 knocks when you're rough-  
 ridin' the range. ... Save  
 Mom mending work and woe  
 — saves Pop hard-earned  
 dough. ... Bet the Boss of the  
 Ranch, (that's Mom!) will  
 agree, specially when you  
 show her the WONDERFUL  
 REAL SQUARE DEAL. It's  
 TERRIFIC!

**5 PAIRS**  
**ALL FOR \$1.98**  
 plus  
 FREE  
 GIFT

**SEND NO MONEY**

These fantastic FREE OFFERS WON'T LAST!  
 Be sure you're the first feller in your gang to  
 sport ROY ROGERS SOCKS and stage the ral-  
 lickin' Rope Show with your GIANT WILD  
 WEST HUMMING LARIAT! DON'T DARE MISS  
 these FREE GRAND GIFTS. Ask Mom to order  
 right away WITHOUT DELAY!

**Mail Today SURE!**

**THE HERBERT CO., Dept. 51**  
**303 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.**

Please rush my order for 5 pairs Roy Rogers GUARANTEED  
 Socks—I will pay postman the special offer price of \$1.98  
 plus postage. Be sure to include my FREE Singing Lariat  
 and instructions. I may return them within 5 days if not  
 satisfied. I may keep the FREE Singing Lariat in any case.  
**SIZE** (7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½) assorted colors.  
 (only 1 size per order)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Save 36¢ postage. Sent postpaid if you enclose pay-  
 ment now. Same return and money back guarantee.

**The SOCKS with the FREE REPLACEMENT Guarantee**

WE GUARANTEE IN WRITING IF THESE SOCKS WEAR  
 OUT IN LESS THAN 5 MONTHS, YOU MAY RETURN  
 THE 5 PAIR TO THE MFR. FOR FREE REPLACEMENT!

THE HERBERT CO., Dept. 51, 303 Fourth Ave., New York 10

**HURRY! HURRY! Act Fast!**